

Deborah Saltman

leroi's psalm

i gotta pour out some of this gypsy rose
i'm doing this in memory of our man joe
pouring a big gulp won't do us in bros
my man made his jiving jumping joking flow

jesus please let our brother be at your side
he never stopped caring for us on this here bench
when his checks came in joe never did hide
excuse my french his fucking money was a thirst quence

our brother joe is laid out at bell's
i hear his wife wants holy beads in his hand
that motherfucker should hold a bud right miguel
miguel stop crossing yourself it was joe's brand

yo fuck my man my man is no more
jesus knows joe's passing hurts me to my core

Albertina what you carrying in your hands

bonds/a bop

she stops stares at the dead pigeon
notices its mate standing by
she gently wipes aaron's dribbling mouth
&wonders what gene makes the living watch over its dead
bearing witness to who aaron was
is all she has left

what will i do when my reckoning day comes

she sits aaron down
puts the times on his lap
it's her memorial to his once vital life force
she reads the headlines
it seems diminishments fratricide assassinations are the only things fit to print
if aaron could decipher the page
change the movement would become the core of their lives
she curses the karma that turned aaron's roars into helpless yelps

what will i do when my reckoning day comes